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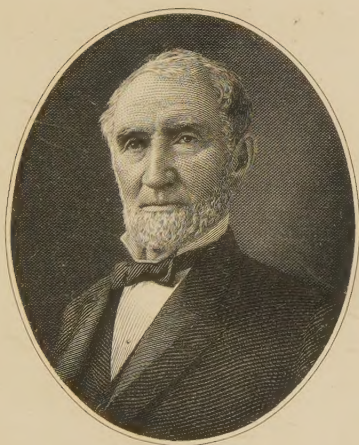
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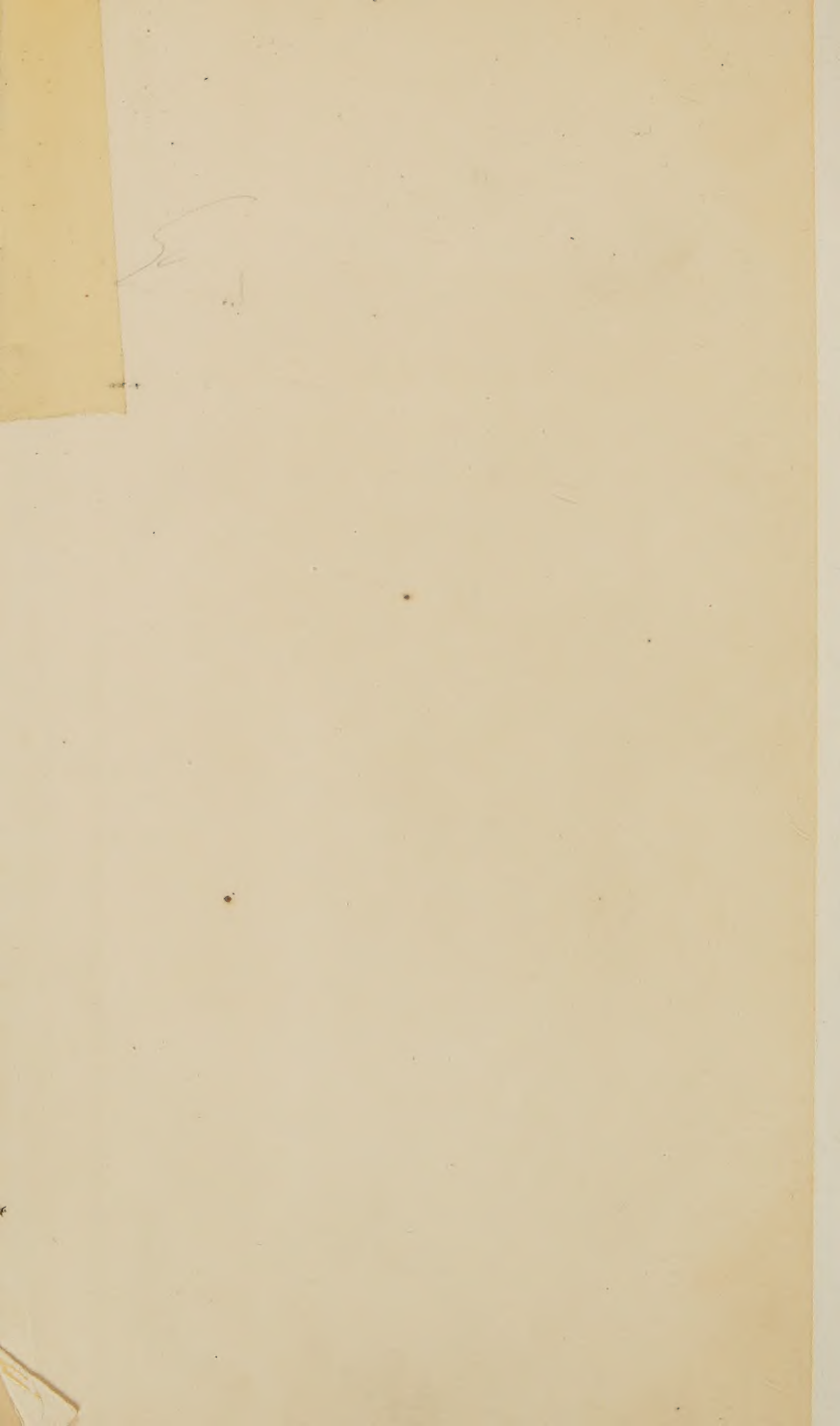
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J. G. Harmon.





A RECORD
OF THE
TESTIMONIAL DINNER
TO
Honorable Joseph G. Cannon
of Illinois
BY HIS
FRIENDS



FEBRUARY 15, 1913
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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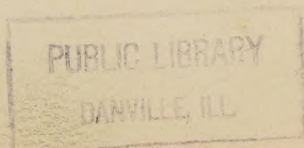
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FOREWORD

THE greatest of Roman orators and statesmen regretted that "True friendships are rarely found in those who are occupied in the pursuit of honors and public affairs."

That Roman ideals in the days of Cicero do not measure the relations of American public men in the twentieth century was demonstrated in the National capital on Saturday night, February 15, 1913.

This demonstration was a dinner given in honor of Joseph Gurney Cannon, the man who for forty years has been in the thick of American political conflicts, who has ever been known as a partisan for principle, but who has numbered his friends on both sides of the contest and in the ranks of all political parties.

This was the inspiration for the dinner to Mr. Cannon by his friends—to recognize him as a **FRIEND** whose personal relations are above political controversy; and to recognize also his distinguished service to good government, hon-

estly and fearlessly contended for, striking for principle without personal animosity.

Men of all parties combined to arrange for this dinner and men of all parties and factions assembled as hosts to honor the man.

The Republican President, the Democratic Speaker of the House, the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives, officers of the army and navy, men in every department of official life and in every walk of civil life, holding every political view in the range of American politics, were assembled about the banquet board to drink one toast with the heartiness of admirers and true lovers—Uncle Joe, the true friend, the sturdy patriot, the fearless and practical legislator.

This dinner was also something more than a demonstration in honor of Mr. Cannon. It was a truer picture of American politics and men in public life in their relations to each other than is usually represented in the public prints; and at the request of many who participated in the event a verbatim report of what was said by some of the most distinguished Americans of to-day is here presented.



The storms may come, the winds may blow,
The saplings and the pines may fall,
But tempered to the sun and snow,
The sturdy oak survives them all.
And so in legislative halls,
Where men and measures come and go,
On Fame's enduring record calls,
The honor rests with Uncle Joe.







Dinner

BY HIS FRIENDS

TO THE

**Honorable Joseph G. Cannon
of Illinois**

THE RALEIGH

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

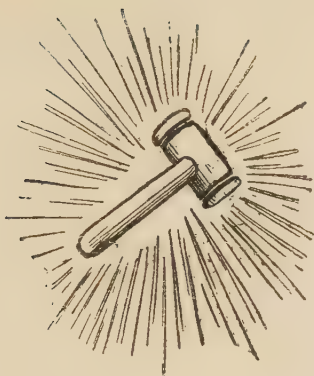
1913

Guests



The President of the United States

**The Honorable Joseph G. Cannon
of Illinois**

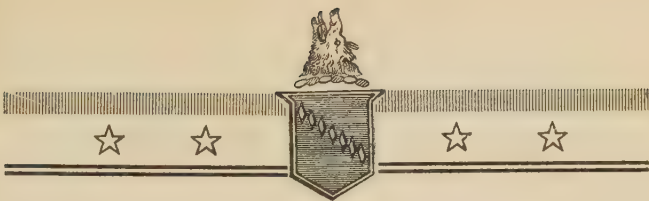


The House will be in order

THE CHAPLAIN

Will offer prayer—Cannon rules

Will lead in prayer—Clark version



Menu



GRAPE FRUIT WITH MARASCHINO

CELERY

SALTED ALMONDS

OLIVES

CLEAR GREEN TURTLE

CHESAPEAKE BASS, AU GRATIN

FILET OF BEEF WITH FRESH MUSHROOMS

NEW STRING BEANS

POTATO CROQUETTES

ROMAN PUNCH

STUFFED ROYAL SQUAB, AU CRESSON

HEARTS OF LETTUCE WITH FRENCH DRESSING

FANCY ICES

ASSORTED CAKES

TOASTED CRACKERS

CHEESE

DEMI TASSE



THE CHAIRMAN

DR. HUMPHREYS, of Mississippi (chairman of the committee). The House will please be in order. I hope no gentleman here tonight has gotten the notion into his head that this is a farewell dinner. We are not here to celebrate any feast of lamentations. Through a long, eventful, patriotic, and high-purposed public career Mr. Cannon has demonstrated that to lay on him the injunction to farewell would be entirely superfluous. [Applause.] Those of us who have had the good fortune to serve with him through a part of his career have simply gathered here to testify to the high esteem and great respect which we entertain for one of the choice and master spirits of the age. [Applause.]

The only regrets which, under the rules under which we proceed tonight, will not be declared out of order are those I am going to read now. A great number of gentlemen from all parts of

the country have written their regrets at their inability to be with us tonight. I shall read only a few of their letters:

February 12, 1913.

Hon. B. G. Humphreys,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

Honorable and Dear Sir: It is with sincere regret that I find myself prevented from assisting at the dinner which is being given to my good friend, Mr. Cannon, whom I have known for so many years and whose sterling qualities of mind and heart I have always admired. It is most fitting that Mr. Cannon's friends, who we all know are many, should wish to tender him this mark of esteem and affection upon his retirement from public life after so many years of faithful service to his country as Speaker in the House of Representatives, an office which he filled with dignity and ability, and I beg to offer my most sincere good wishes for his health and prosperity in the future.

With sentiments of the highest esteem, I beg to remain,

Most faithfully yours,

James Cardinal Gibbons,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

P. S.—Although Mr. Cannon modestly confesses to be a septuagenarian, he has the mental and physical vigor of a man of 50, and he may yet return to Congress and be found at the same old stand.

February 3, 1913.

Hon. Eugene F. Kinkead,
House Building,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: I should consider it a great honor and an especial pleasure to be present at the approaching public dinner of the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois. His great services to the country, through so many years, entitle him to the finest tribute of the kind that can be devised.

But I deeply regret to say that at the time named I have engagements which absolutely forbid me to be present with you.

With all good wishes for the success of your festival, and joining most heartily in congratulations to your eminent guest, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

Andrew D. White.

January 31, 1913.

Hon. B. G. Humphreys,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir: On account of my long friendship and esteem for the ex-Speaker I would be very glad to show my appreciation of his personal worth and public services by my presence at the testimonial dinner to be given Mr. Cannon on the evening of February 15. I, however, expect to be away from the city at that time, engagements already made requiring my presence elsewhere. Indomitable will, sterling integrity, and clear and comprehensive grasp and forcible presentation of public questions, all intertwined with a wholesome good nature and a keen sense of humor, are traits not often combined, and which attract and endear Mr. Cannon to a wide circle of personal friends, and a much wider one of ardent admirers.

Very truly yours,

H. G. Davis.

[Telegram.]

St. Louis, Mo., February 13, 1913.

Hon. W. B. McKinley, M. C.,
Washington, D. C.:

Thanks for invitation, and very sorry I can not be present to join in temporary adieu to Uncle Joe, who is sure to come back as soon as he finishes sowing his wild oats.

Henry King,
Editor St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

And here is a letter which is written from Danville, Ill., by one of those among whom our distinguished guest has lived and walked and had his daily being:

February 3, 1913.

Hon. E. F. Kinkead, Washington, D. C.

Respected Sir: I deeply regret that I can not be present on the 15th instant to aid in honoring my great and good friend, Hon. Joseph G. Cannon. I have known and worked with him for the past 40 years. He is of the saving salt of the earth.

The people of this eighteenth congressional district have continued him in Congress for over a generation on account of his genius for common sense, his sterling integrity, his devotion to principle, and his all-around rugged, manly, moral qualities. He lives in their hearts, and they will continue to love and honor him as a private citizen as faithfully as they have in official life. To us he will be forever our beloved Uncle Joe.

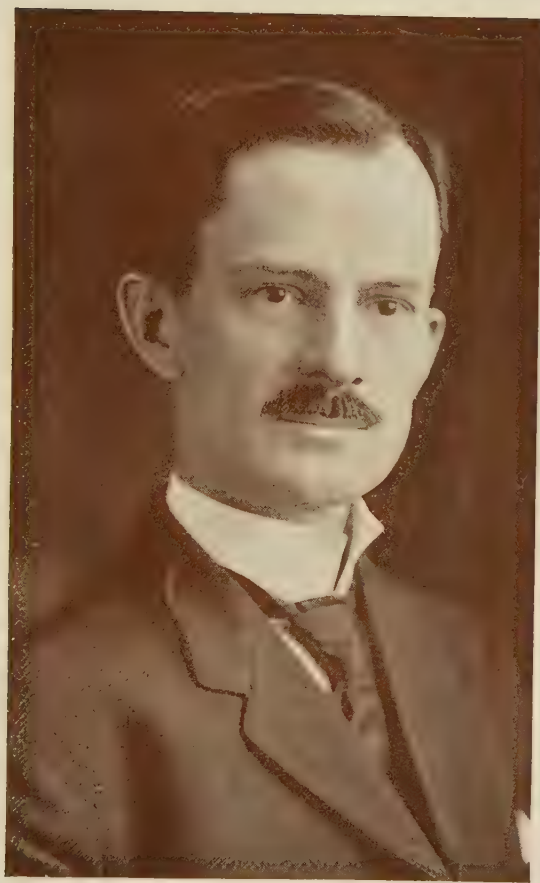
Respectfully and sincerely,

W. R. Jewell,
Chairman Republican Committee
of the Eighteenth Illinois Con-
gressional District.



Now, as I said in the outset, there are to be no heavy hearts here tonight. This is, in fact, a reunion of the light brigade, and mark how well the sequel holds together: I have Cannon to the right of me and big guns to the left of me, and I am going to call upon one of these, the gentleman from Pennsylvania, Mr. J. Hampton Moore, to take charge of this affair and to indicate who are to volley and thunder hereafter. [Applause.]





HON. J. HAMPTON MOORE

The Toastmaster



ON. J. HAMPTON MOORE. Having been delegated by the committee as toastmaster on this occasion, I want to announce, "under the rules," that the insignia of this office consist, first of a blue pencil, which is thoroughly well understood in every well-regulated newspaper office, and in legislative halls, as an admonition to be brief, to cut out extraneous matter.

Second, a pair of scissors, which mean that if the old stories are told too often we may clip them off. Those who are to speak are gently admonished that after one or two repetitions of "Mr. Cannon on the Wabash" the scissors will be applied; that that "virile young manhood," which is sometimes referred to in public speeches, will also be eliminated after the second utterance; that those who "came to Congress with Mr. Cannon in 1812" need not mention it after the second speech. [Applause and laughter.]

All speeches will be limited to five minutes, and it is to be hoped that even the great men who are assembled here will respect this rule. [Applause.]

Third, and last of the insignia, is the gavel, which means authority, and it is hoped it will be

respected, even though it may be wielded by one who is inferior to the task and purposes of this entertainment.

Tonight we are to show Mr. Cannon we love and respect him. [Applause.] In deference to him and to his family it is announced now that this is to be a feast, not a farewell; a symposium, not a formality. We are tonight

“To frame our mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens
life.”

[Applause.] [After a pause:]





HON. CHAMP CLARK
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

Mr. Speaker Clark

At this table sits the greatest Speaker of the House of Representatives since the days of Cannon. [Applause and laughter.] Over in the House we regard him, mentally and in physique, as the most imposing figure that has occupied the Chair in half a dozen generations. So big do we regard him that nothing short of the Presidency will satisfy the most of us. [Applause.] Gentlemen, the Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri. [Applause.]



PEAKER CLARK. That first statement of the toastmaster about "my being the greatest Speaker since the days of Cannon" reminds me of the schoolboy who said he stood next to the head of his class, and his daddy inquired and found there were only two in the class. [Applause and laughter.]

I am glad to be here tonight to help give a pleasant evening to one of the greatest of all my predecessors in the chair of the House of Representatives. [Applause.] That is what history will have to say, no difference what the Members who have scrapped with him thought; and they thought he was a good deal of a man,

too, while he was scrapping with them. [Applause.]

I am the thirty-sixth of the line, not counting one man who, for some unaccountable reason, was elected Speaker for one day. That is one of the puzzles of history to me. There have been a whole lot of Speakers *pro tempore* elected, but one man was actually elected Speaker for one day. That was Theodore M. Pomeroy. Schuyler Colfax was going out of the office of Speaker into the office of Vice-President, and all he had to do was to walk six or seven hundred feet to the other end of the Capitol and be sworn in; but on the evening of the 2d of March he resigned the office of Speaker. So if you count Mr. Pomeroy I am the thirty-seventh of the lot. The way I found out about him was because Congress passed a law authorizing the painting of oil portraits of all the Speakers to be placed in the lobby of the House; and Mr. Pomeroy's grandson wrote to me and wanted to know if he came in on one of those \$500 portraits up there. So I got a piece of history that I was not fishing for.

There have been five or six great Speakers who have had a dominating spirit and everything greased for them, and good machines at their hands, and they made great reputations; but no man will ever make a great reputation in that chair unless he is lavishly endowed with common sense [applause]; because, after all, that is all

there is to it. And of all the men I have met in my goings to and fro, and tabernacling in the flesh, I write Uncle Joe down as one of the most thoroughly common-sense men that ever came down the congressional pike. [Applause.]

I do not take much stock in farewell dinners, or funerals, or weddings. I had just about as lief go to a funeral as a wedding, with the exception of my own. Uncle Joe goes; but I am not sure but that like Cataline, "he goes, but he returns." [Applause and laughter.] That would be the only resemblance I ever heard of between the two. [Applause.]

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The man who has never been in the Army can never have any conception of the feeling which men have for one another who have fought side by side and shoulder to shoulder in the face of death; but next to that I think the fellow feeling between men who fight in the House of Representatives—because that is where the fighting is done—is next to the fellow feeling of having fought in the Army together; and the men who fight the hardest against each other have the greatest respect for each other.

I have not the slightest idea that the next two years are going to be dull or heavy on Uncle Joe's hands. He knows how to entertain himself, and he knows how to entertain others. [Laughter.] There is one thing I have been trying to get him to do. He has never promised

me to do it. He owes it to the people of the United States in general and to the coming Congresses in particular to write a book of reminiscences. [Applause.] Amongst his other qualities there is not a man within my acquaintance, which is somewhat extensive, who can beat him telling an anecdote or a reminiscence. He holds the belt, as a prizefighter would say, for length of service in the House of Representatives. In 124 years no man has succeeded in serving in that House 40 years. Mr. Cannon has served 38, and if he had not been beaten once he would be serving his fortieth year. If I had not been beaten once I would be serving my twentieth. It does not hurt much to get beat. [Applause.] The man who served the longest in the two Houses of Congress put together was Senator Allison. He served $43\frac{1}{2}$ years in the two Houses of Congress.

When I came here first there was a superstition that no man ever would serve 30 years in the House. They would get past 29—two or three of them did—but they would die before they reached the thirtieth year, and Judge Holman, of Indiana, was the first man who ever broke the hoodoo. [Laughter.] Now, the 40 years that Uncle Joe has been in public life, including the time he was circuit attorney in Illinois, about the time Lincoln was elected President, or a little after, have brought him into contact, first and

last, with nearly every prominent man in the United States and with a great many who are not in the United States, and if he can write as well as he can talk his reminiscences would make a book that would discount Boswell's "Life of Johnson," because he has known better men and greater men and more of them.

Now, I am not going to detain this audience under the five-minute rule, but I will say that after 18 years of battling with Uncle Joe I wish for him prosperity, happiness, and length of days. [Prolonged applause.]





SENATOR ELIHU ROOT

Senator Elihu Root

Toastmaster Moore. There is no partisanship in this meeting. All think alike tonight in honor of our guest. You know there is not so much credit in presiding over a national convention, such as that at Baltimore, that nominates a candidate for President who is elected, but there is vast credit due to the man who presides over a convention at Chicago that nominates a candidate for President who is not elected. [Laughter and applause.] And the man who presided over that great convention and who is entitled to all the honors that result therefrom [laughter] is the distinguished Senator from New York, Elihu Root, whom I now have the pleasure of presenting. [Applause.]



SENATOR ROOT. Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. Chairman, and my dear Uncle Joseph, I am glad to congratulate you upon your approaching vacation. If any man in this world, by reason of truly religious service, is entitled to a sabbatical year, you are entitled to it after this long period of public service. [Applause.]

I know that it is only a vacation, because if the people of the Danville district do not get over

their brief aberration within two years you have only to come to New York and I will turn over to you a place in the other coordinate branch of the legislative department of the Government where you can exercise the salutary influence by which you have made the House of Representatives the great and efficient body that it is. [Applause.]

I am glad to congratulate you, not only because there are a thousand reminiscences that make me feel kindly to you, as men who have fought together do feel toward each other, but because you are real. [Cries of "Good," and prolonged applause.]

There is nothing in public life, I think, of which a man gets more tired than of lying and humbug. [Applause.] It is very hard for all of us to talk to people from a public stage as we talk to each other. It is very hard for all of us to tell the truth when we are talking to the people. It is very hard for all of us to tell the truth when we think it will hurt us. It is very hard for all of us to keep our promises. But in the world of humbug, I am glad to do honor to a man who has always had the courage of his convictions [cheers and applause], the courage to say what he believes, to say nothing that he does not believe [applause], and to act according to his convictions.

I remember some years ago saying that if Uncle Joe were not so old, nothing on earth could

keep him from being nominated for the Presidency—and it was true. All of a sudden came along a situation in which he was called upon to act at the behest of great and powerful influence, and he refused, because he did not think it would be right to do it; and then was begun the cry of "Cannonism." He has outlived it. I would like to hold up for the contemplation of the people of the United States the example of this man, who dared to become unpopular by doing what he believed to be his duty and who has outlived it. [Applause.]

There is another reason why I am glad to do you honor—because you stand for all the people of the United States. Your own experience in Congress, the variety of positions you have held, your long service as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, called upon to consider the interests of every part of the country, your long service as Speaker of the House, have made you the representative not alone of the Danville district, but of the people of the United States. [Applause.]

Let me say to you, my friends in the Senate and the House who are here, that the great reason why the Executive is able to command the sympathy of the people of the United States against Congress so frequently is that the people think we are representing our selfish local interests, while he represents the whole people; and

for the dignity, the influence, and the power of the legislative branch of the United States Government it is well for us to do honor to the man who represents not alone his own district but all the people of the country. [Applause.]

I am glad to do you honor for another reason—because looking about me and seeing Standpaters and Progressives and Democrats of all shades and stripes of opinion, I see in this meeting that we are not becoming Mexicanized; I see in the fact that we all do honor to the hardest hitter, to the boldest Speaker, to the man who has never hesitated to express and stand by his opinions, however they might differ from the opinions of others, I see in this general concurrence of honor and affection for him, that still underlying all the storm and stress of American politics is the genuine American spirit of brotherhood toward all Americans. [Prolonged applause.]



Toastmaster Moore. Sixty-eight years ago today, upon a farm in Oneida County, N. Y., was brought into this world a little boy, who grew up to be a lawyer; being appointed subsequently to

the President's Cabinet; he became a great Secretary of War, the pacificator of the Latin-American Republics; is now a Senator of the United States, who, in the very acme of his career, upon his birthday, this very night, delivered the oration you heard a few moments ago. [Applause.] Without rising will you drink to the health of Senator Root, and as you do so, salute him by name. [Applause and cries of "Root, Root."]





"THE SEVEN AGES OF CANNON"

The Seven Ages of Cannon



HERE will now be an innovation by a Shakespearean scholar of note in Washington, Mr. Henry L. West, of The Gridiron Club.

The lights were extinguished and upon a screen were thrown a series of lantern slide portraits of Mr. Cannon, while Mr. West recited the following:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,
Making their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. First, **the infant**
Not muling and puking in his nurse's arms,
But strong and sturdy from his very birth,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard;
Drawing his sustenance from a big, black cigar,
And not from any bottle. Next the **schoolboy**
Studying the rules which he himself hath writ.
His favorite book a work on Parliamentary Law
Compiled by Asher Hinds. Then a **country**
lawyer,
Wearing a black slouch hat and long frock coat,
His fees unfortunately small and his clients just
as few

As there will be Republicans in the next House.
Then seeking reputation at the ballot box,
He next becomes **a member of the House**,
Disbursing offices and garden seeds,
And placing Danville, Illinois, upon the map.
Behold him sitting at his office desk,
Giving an imitation of a man at work.
Then, as the **Speaker of the House** the gavel
 holds,
An autocrat, a law unto himself, yet ruling well.
The sixth stage is **the guest of honor** everywhere.
A welcome guest where'er good fellowship
Binds human hearts as it does here tonight.
And "in the last analysis" we see him as **himself**,
A man whose rugged frame doth laugh to scorn
The very god of time. Upon his head
The burdens of the years do lightly press.
Undaunted by defeat and destined yet
To swing the battle axe and crack some heads.
To him we do not say "farewell" but "We will
 see you later."
Sans job, sans salary, sans everything—but
 friends.
[Applause.]



Pleasantries from the Chair



COASTMASTER MOORE. I have been requested to ask if William B. McKinley is in the hall. If he is, will he kindly listen? The waiters will subside for a moment. Mr. McKinley will kindly rise to his feet. And is Mr. Martin B. Madden in the hall? If so, will he rise? And Mr. Ira C. Copley—is he in the hall? Now, gentlemen, you look upon the spectacle of the three millionaires of Illinois. [Laughter and applause.] The richest of them is Mr. Copley. All of them are on the dinner committee, and have requested that they be not called upon, with the single exception of Mr. Martin B. Madden, who will not be. [Laughter.]

I have also been asked to inquire if the Hon. James R. Mann is in the hall. If so, will he kindly rise? [Applause and cries of "Mann! Mann!"] I ask you all to gaze upon this fine figure standing out against the background of festive smilax. He is the leader of the Republican minority in the House. [Applause.] While in Porto Rico some time ago, a delegate in the assembly there shook hands with Mr. Mann and said, "Sir, I know you well. I have read every one of your speeches." [Laughter.] Thereupon the late Vice-President of the United States, Mr.

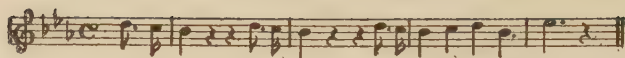
Sherman, said "You must be the busiest man on the island." [Laughter.] [After a pause.] It is not often, gentlemen, that a mere tyro in these matters has an opportunity to hold up his boss. Mr. Mann, your time has expired. [Prolonged laughter and applause.]





The Toastmaster. The Gridiron Club and Uncle Joe are the most celebrated institutions in Washington, and The Gridiron Club is here represented by its famous quartette. We'll hear from Henry Stevens and the Gridiron Quartette.





When That Midnight Choo, Choo, Leaves For Illinois.

I have no briney tears to shed,
I'm very, very far from dead,
But I'm going to give to Congress my adeau (adieu);
The Democrats have beaten me,
But I'll get even yet, you see;
There are some friends at home to stand by me,
So tonight you find me singing happily.

CHORUS:

When that Midnight Choo, Choo, leaves for Illinois,
I'll be right there,
I've got my fare;
When I see that rusty haired conductor man,
I'll grab him by the collar,
Then I'll holler
Illinois! Illinois!
That's where you stop your train,
That takes me back again
Home to my friends again;
Then we'll make some noise, boys;
I will be right there with bells,
When that old conductor yells
All aboard! All aboard!
All aboard for Illinois.

I really hate to say good-bye,
I don't believe I'd better try,
Because I'm sure I'm coming back some day,
I'm going to show that I can fight,
And I can lick them, too, alright;
But I will not have to travel all alone,
There are others who can in this chorus join.

CHORUS:



HON. SAMUEL W. MCCALL

Representative Samuel W. McCall

Toastmaster Moore. Gentlemen, the iron heel of the Chair will be used in enforcing the rules [laughter], and you will respect them, of course. We have at this head table tonight the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but the tradition which holds with respect to that office forbids him to speak on an occasion of this kind. In his stead, happily, we have one who combines not only the judicial qualities, but also the legislative and executive, a leader of the House of Representatives and a scholar in politics, the Hon. Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts. [Applause.]



R. McCALL. Mr. President, you have given me a rather large contract to fill, to respond for the Chief Justice and associate justices and the executive and legislative departments of the Government. It is very evident that this occasion is not taking on the appearance of obsequies [laughter]; that it is not celebrating or commemorating the passing of a figure. It is not commemorating the ending of a career. It seems by common consent to be an "au revoir" dinner. There seems to be the impression that the public career of Uncle Joe is

not ended. In the first place he has a passion for the public service, an instinct for it; in the next place he has the spirit of unquenchable youth; and in the next he has a constituency that is devoted to him, and that has pouted only twice in 40 years. It is inevitable, therefore, with all these qualities of youth and instinct, and the devotion of his constituency, that the Sixty-fourth Congress will see him back again in Washington. [Applause.]

He is a man who has the affection of his political opponents as well as of his political friends. I think there has been no time since I have served in Washington that he has not been the most popular man on both sides of the House. He is most effective in the ordinary business of the House, and he easily rises to great occasions, as he did three years ago at the height of the unpleasantness, when, after a three days' battle when the House was charged with excitement, when men had come to witness the contest from all over the country, he rose, even as admitted by those who differed with him, to the proportions of a hero.

Since he came here from the year 1872 to the present time, he has been associated with some of the greatest men who have ever served in Congress, from Blaine and Garfield to Reed and McKinley, and he has shown himself their fit companion. We are commemorating tonight a

strong career, that of a man who has shown that he is adapted in as high degree as any man of his time to the strenuous contests of parliamentary service. It is significant that gentlemen of all parties should be here tonight, vieing with each other in showing their respect for a statesman who is thoroughly human, who affects no dignity, and does not belong to what is called the "frock-coat" school, a statesman of real ability, of genuine worth, and of sterling honesty, who is concerned to secure the best interests of the whole country and is brave to go only where his best judgment leads—I say we do ourselves honor tonight in honoring Uncle Joe Cannon. [Prolonged applause.]



The Press Gallery



THE Fourth Estate claimed its place on the programme on the ground that Mr. Cannon having been in the public eye for half a century had furnished more copy for the newspapers than any other living man, and his relations with the Washington correspondents had been that of a friend as well as a victim. As humor distorts nothing and false gods are laughed off their earthly pedestals, the stunt which the newspaper correspondents pulled off during the course of the dinner deserves more than a mere word in passing, for the little foibles of the distinguished guests were touched upon in a manner that, while exceedingly funny and sometimes a bit satirical, left no hurt behind.

Seven correspondents, Edgar C. Snyder, of the Omaha Bee; E. B. Clark, of the Chicago Evening Post; Robert H. Patchin, of the New York Herald; George Miller, of the Detroit News; Oswald F. Schuette, of the Chicago Inter-Ocean; Gus J. Karger, of the Cincinnati Times-Star, and Theodore Tiller, of the Washington Times, appeared in a small gallery overlooking the banquet hall which had been arranged to represent a section of the press gallery in the hall

of the House of Representatives, with a painted representation of the clock which hangs over the Speaker's rostrum the central feature of the scene. The "boys" were supposed to be there for work rather than recreation and for the purpose of reporting the debate on the floor below. They made remarks as to the characteristics of the gentlemen as they were inquired about by Mr. Snyder, who impersonated a cub reporter whose knowledge of the attainments of the well-known men in public life was necessarily nebulous in view of his supposed late advent as a member of the correspondents' corps.

The act was inaugurated with much noise on the part of the correspondents as they took their places along the gallery rail to watch the scene below. Their loud conversation and cries for "Western Union," "Postal," "messenger boy" called for a stern rebuke from Mr. Moore, the toastmaster.

"You gentlemen of the press must observe the rule as to noise and confusion in the gallery," said the toastmaster, as he banged the table with his gavel thereby attracting the attention of the diners to the gallery.

"We have a right to be here under the Constitution," said the cub reporter, promptly.

"The Fourth Estate is indeed powerful and inspiring, but it does not yet control the House," said the toastmaster. "You occupy the press gal-

lery by courtesy of this body and you must be in order."

"But, Mr. Speaker, we represent the great newspapers; they want to be heard," replied the cub reporter.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Moore, "you know very well this question is not debatable. Moreover, many of the men who own the Fourth Estate and pay your enormous salaries are here witnesses of this exhibition—warm friends of the honored guest of the occasion, like Mr. Herman Ridder, Frank A. Munsey, John A. Sleicher, Gen. Felix Agnus, Rudolph Kauffmann, Ira E. Bennett and John Suter, President of the National Press Club. Do you think you can afford to interrupt these proceedings under the circumstances?"

"Yes, we do," responded the cub reporter.

"Very well," said the toastmaster, "you may proceed in your own time and at your own risk."

And then followed a ludicrous series of questions and answers between the correspondents, much as might in fact have taken place in the real instead of the pseudo press gallery of the House of Representatives; while those who furnished material for the colloquialism were not backward in voicing their approbation of the quips at their expense.

The press chaff flew everywhere and at everybody, at the President of the United States, the

Supreme Court, the Speaker of the House, the grave and reverend Senators and the Representatives. It was like Charity and covered all, and they all laughed at each other and at themselves. "The gallery" reserved for the last Uncle Joe himself and threw their chaff in his direction, quoting some of his celebrated sayings and referring to some of his immortal doings with the discovery that after all his years in the public service there was no statute of the United States that had been christened the Cannon bill, no law to which his name had been attached and stands as a milestone for future ages to know that Uncle Joe once served his country in the House of Representatives. And there the Fourth Estate supplied a text for the President of the United States.





HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

The President of the United States

Toastmaster Moore. Though the evening is still young, we have much yet to do and may not delay.

Gentlemen, to be the first amongst a hundred million people of the temper and intelligence of those of the United States is the greatest honor on earth. "All the world loves a lover," and all the world esteems a good loser.

I announce the President of the United States.
[Great applause.]

HE PRESIDENT. Mr. Chairman, Mr. Toastmaster, and gentlemen, I have come here tonight to express two feelings: One of sympathy with the gentleman who professes to be about to go out of public life at the same time that I am a dissolving view [laughter], and to show by coming here how profoundly I respect him as a great American who, by many decades of disinterested patriotic service, has earned the verdict of "well done" from his countrymen. [Applause.]

I do not feel very old, and I am not very old, but I think there are few men present at this meeting who are as old in the public service as I

am, with reference to association with Uncle Joe. I was here 22 years ago to interview him on behalf of the Department of Justice about the increase of what I regarded as needed appropriations. I have had ever since a good deal of experience with chairmen of appropriations committees, and I am bound to say that the abruptness and the firmness and the somewhat inelegant expressions that I have heard in modern days had their counterpart in those early days of the Republic. [Laughter.]

Another thing that moves me to come here is that I believe that Uncle Joe Cannon and I have passed through something of the same storm of muckraking and misrepresentation [applause], that we are able to look back upon it all with the philosophy and calm hope that it will fall away as for nothing [applause], and that what has been done in our public careers will be subjected to just examination and criticism, away from the lurid light of headlines, in the cold but careful and fair examination of the historian. [Applause.]

I observe that by those who sat above us and who selected the defects most conspicuous or supposed to be most conspicuous in us, the inquiry was made as to what statute Uncle Joe Cannon's name was attached. That is one of the unfair questions that men will put who do not understand what goes to make up a great Gov-

ernment and what goes to make up a great public service. The men who are looking about and laboring to find subjects matter and statutes with which their names may be connected, in order that they may claim in history the authorship of progress, are not the men who make the progress in this country. [Loud applause.]

The conscientious struggle which the chairman of the Appropriations Committee has to make in Congress—and it is conscientious—to keep down the expenditures within the possible revenues is a labor that no one can realize except those who come into close contact with the discharge of that responsibility. They are known for the time being as the heads of the Appropriations Committees, but the appropriation bills do not carry their names. The character of the appropriation bills is not understood by the public, so that these bills can not be referred to as a basis of a great parliamentary reputation. And yet the fact is that in that committee harder and more conscientious work is done than in any other committee in Congress. Its members are struggling constantly against the human nature of their fellows, they are standing up against that which they have to recognize as the weakness of man, and they are not receiving any meed of praise from anybody, because everybody is against them for opposing appropriations—until after the session is over, and then everybody crit-

icizes them because of the largeness of the appropriations. [Laughter.]

I have referred to a part of Uncle Joe's service in Congress. The other part I have had more familiarity with. As Speaker of the House, under the system which then prevailed, he had to control the legislation, he had to lead the majority, and had much influence with reference to the bills which were selected for consideration and passage. For that work the country owes him a debt of great gratitude. The history of the Republican Party while he was Speaker is largely a history of the statutes that he discriminated in favor of and the defeat of the statutes that he discriminated against. [Applause.] If that record is honorable to the party and honorable to the country, to Joseph G. Cannon is largely due the credit. At times we are all dazed—at least I am—with the dreadfully difficult work that the Judge of All will have to do in determining the merits of the individuals who will come before Him when we all pass in review on the last day of judgment. As applied to the world at large, to ordinary communities, that task seems difficult enough; but when it comes to awarding merit with reference to public men at Washington, it is a difficulty that seems insurmountable. In trying to sift out the reward that is due and the condemnation that is due, it needs a close knowledge of how legislation is intro-

duced, how it is considered, and how it is ultimately passed.

The methods of Uncle Joe with reference to the government of the House of Representatives at times have been severely condemned, and then they have been vindicated by the action of his opponents in adopting the same course, and in coming around to the same necessity that he recognized earlier, to wit, that you must have responsibility lodged somewhere when you have to manage 390 men on either side of the House of Representatives. [Applause.]

My friends, I have to go. I would be delighted to stay, just to see what can be said of a man in his own presence. This is a great and historic dinner, and I am glad to have had an opportunity to be here, for many reasons. The chief one is to testify to my profound admiration for one of the greatest characters in American political life, and for a man to whom the people of this country are indebted in a way which they now but little realize. But when he shall have passed away, the merit of his work will show itself to them and to historians generally. [Applause.] He says he is going away and not coming back. I hope that is not true, and I do not believe it is true. I think that when he goes out to that district and walks up and down Vermillion County, and finds how many people are sorry they did not vote for him at this last election, the old war-

horse will again scent the battle from afar, and he will come here again to be with those who are here, to show them again the old traditions of the Republican Party when it was in power and in usefulness. [Applause.]

I thank you for listening to me, and I close with the sentiment, "God bless that patriotic American, Uncle Joe Cannon." [Applause.]

Those present then gave three cheers for the President of the United States.





HON B. G. HUMPHREYS



The Toastmaster. No dinner to Uncle Joe would be complete without the Watermelon Song, and I have no doubt he would like to sing it to you himself; but tonight he is the guest and we'll call on his most distinguished rival and the man who has made that old song famous throughout the United States, Major Stofer.





De Watermilion Hangin' On De Vine.

Oh, de dew it am a fallin', dat 'milion's gwineter cool,
An' soon it will be very, very fine;
But, bless yo' soul, my honey, dis darkey ain' no fool
To leave it dar a hangin' on de vine.

CHORUS:

Oh, de ham bone am good, de bacon am sweet,
'Possum meat am very, very fine;
But gimme, oh gimme, oh how I wish you would,
Dat watermilion hangin' on de vine.

See dat watermilion a peepin' froo de fence,
How I wish dat 'milion it was mine;
White fokes ain' got one blessed bit o' sense
To leave it dar a hangin' on de vine.

You may talk about yo' peaches, yo' apples an' yo' p'ars—
Talk about yo' 'simmons on de tree;
But bless yo' soul, my honey, of all de fruit dat grows,
De watermilion am de food for me.

Oh, de 'possum an' de tater am mighty good to eat—
Some darkeys think dar's livin' in a ham;
But watermilion's eatin' dat nothin' else kin beat,
For it's loaded full of "Glory to de Lam'."

Some day we's gwine to Heaven whar de good ole darkeys go,
An' w'ar a crown a shinin' like a star;
Den settin' by de river we kin eat forever mo',
Watermilions wid de angels over dar.



HON. OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

Mr. Underwood, of Alabama

Toastmaster Moore. Upon one brilliant young man of this Nation has been placed a momentous responsibility. It is his duty, in order that the great national administration may be justified, to see to it that all prices shall be lowered and all wages shall be raised. [Laughter.] He has the sympathy of Republicans and Democrats alike. There is a heartiness in the wish for the success of Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama. [Prolonged applause.]



R. UNDERWOOD. Mr. Chairman, Mr. Toastmaster, Uncle Joe, and my fellow guests, I shall not allow our toastmaster to tempt me to wade in stormy waters. [Laughter.] The dove of peace is sailing over the political lines tonight, and I am reminded by that fact that it was the real soldiers, not the coffee coolers or deserters, who swapped their tobacco across the lines in times of real warfare. [Applause.] Our guest of honor has for 40 years been a real political warrior, and he has sometimes swapped tobacco across the line. [Applause.]

I am not going to attempt to make a speech tonight, but I am going to tell a story of Uncle

Joe, which I have no doubt he has forgotten, though I have not, because in those days he was a commander in the political lines and I was only a private in the rear ranks. "An appropriation was needed to entertain distinguished guests. We lived at the same hotel together, and although we differed in politics greatly, Uncle Joe and I had been close friends for many years. When this subject of a needful appropriation was becoming urgent, Uncle Joe one night invited me to take a stroll. In those days there were no houses out at Sheridan Circle; there was nothing there but a circle. This was a cold, moonlight night, and we walked out to Sheridan Circle, and then Uncle Joe invited me to take a seat on the curbing, and we got down to business. He said, "My boy, you have heard of the trouble we have been having over the proper entertainment of distinguished visitors. I have been thinking this thing over, and tomorrow afternoon, when 'most everybody has gone home [laughter], and the House is thin, if I get up and ask unanimous consent that an appropriation might pass for the purpose of entertaining these distinguished guests, and you vigorously oppose it at first and then allow me to convince you, we might get it through. [Laughter.] So Uncle Joe and I swapped tobacco in that case."¹ [Applause.]

Now, all I have to say is this: We have had great men in Congress, and Uncle Joe is one of

the greatest. He has never swapped tobacco across the line for his own benefit. [Applause.] He has always been willing to swap tobacco across the line for the glory and the honor of our great Republic, and he has left an example that we may all follow. [Applause.] It gives me sincere pleasure to be here tonight and do honor to him, one of the great men who will live in the history of our country. [Applause.]





SENATOR OLLIE M. JAMES

Senator-Elect Ollie M. James

Toastmaster Moore. We are again on our native heath, back to the field of oratory. Men may preside over conventions which nominate a candidate for the Presidency who is not elected, and men may also preside over a convention at Baltimore which nominates a President who is elected, and it is entirely within their power and their province on an occasion like this to say just who that President will appoint to his Cabinet. This duty has been assigned to the gentleman from Kentucky, who has recently been sent to the Senate—Mr. Ollie M. James. [Applause.]

R. JAMES. Mr. Chairman, Mr. Toastmaster, fellow hosts, and our distinguished guest, Uncle Joe, I, too, have seen Uncle Joe swap "terbacker" across the line, and I never saw him cheated yet. [Laughter.] He generally got some to boot. [Laughter.]

I am happy to join with the members of all the parties in paying tribute to our distinguished guest of honor, the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois. Whatever else may be said of him, I can say of him that I have always liked him personally, because he never undertook to galvanize a Democratic principle into a Republican slogan.

After 40 years of service in the Congress of the United States, he may go back to the people who have honored him, a Republican of Republicans [applause]; one whose name and character and service take us back to the age when Garfield and Conkling and Blaine proclaimed the principles of their party; one who never called for an adjective to add to, or an adverb to modify, the glory of his plain Republicanism. [Applause.]

And now, after all these years of public service, he returns to a people whom he has represented here in the faith in which they believed, and having walked in that light spot where greatness treads for 20 terms in Congress he may say to them that not a flaw can be picked in it from the standpoint of personal honor and official integrity, and it beams with the unspotted radiance of a summer's evening star. [Applause.]

And so, Republicans, I can say to you that the Democrats can join with you in paying tribute to one whose earnestness in a conviction, though we differ from him, makes him in our eyes a patriot, a splendid, a real, a genuine American. [Applause.]



SENATOR JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

Senator John Sharp Williams

Toastmaster Moore. I may be calling him out of his rank. He should have been called upon earlier. But he was once a member of the House of Representatives, and therefore he stands with the majority of us tonight. He was the leader of his party in the House, a man whose argument was as keen as a rapier, and who found in the distinguished guest of the evening "a foeman worthy of his steel."—Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi. [Applause.]



SENATOR WILLIAMS. Mr. Chairman, Mr. Toastmaster, and gentlemen, an unreconstructed Bourbon Mississippi Democrat, who loved the very ground that I walked upon, once said to me, "John, there is just one thing about your conduct in Washington that I do not understand. How is it that you and old Joe Cannon are so fond of each other?"

I said, "My dear boy, Uncle Joe and I have been trying for a long time to explain that to our respective constituencies, and I imagine that we will spend the balance of our lives trying to explain it, and if the theory of the immortality of

souls be correct I imagine we will be bothered with it a good deal of the time throughout eternity."

We resemble one another in this respect, at any rate, and I hope it is not a bad trait, although it is not a heroic one: We separate ourselves to a large extent from the criticism of the world by a veil of real or artificial humor. So far has it gone that I do not remember any time when we have met in public when we threw down the veil, but I believe tonight I will throw it down.

I first began to know Uncle Joe when he was chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives. It was not long before I learned that he had the longest nose for a fraud or a job of any man in the House of Representatives. [Applause.] It was not long before I acquired the habit of crossing the aisle and saying, "What about this?" when I wanted to know about some new thing on an appropriation bill, and he would say, "Sharp, there is a job in that." "That is something to take care of lame ducks," or "There is something about it that I don't like."

I would then cross the aisle back to the Democratic side with perfect confidence, array what few young Members I could against the proposition, and support the Republican Committee on Appropriations with the word of its chairman behind it. [Applause.]

They were talking tonight about his having his name affixed to no great public measure. As far as I know, Daniel Webster had his name affixed to none. As far as I know, a great many of the leading men of the United States, who cut a chief figure in their day, had their names affixed to none. There are two duties for a Representative or Senator. One is affirmative; the other is negative, and of the two, the negative duty is the greater. It is very easy to start things, with some doubt as to where they will end. It is a very easy thing to call yourself a constructive statesman, and leave to some other statesmen later on the task of unconstructing or reconstructing what you have done. But it requires a good deal of courage to stem a tide, to breast a current, to detect a fraud and stop it.

Now, I did not attempt to explain it to my Mississippi constituent, but I believe that that was when I first began to trust Uncle Joe. The trust had not lasted long before I began to love him in addition to trusting him. [Applause.]

There is an old German song that begins:

Es zogen drei Burschen wohl uber den Rhein.

And when they got over the Rhine, they found that the girl of the inn was dead and lying upon her bier. One of them said:

I have loved thee well.

Another said:

Wert thou alive I would love thee yet.

The third responded:

Dich habe Ich geliebt,
Dich liebe Ich noch Heut';
Und werde dich lieben auf Ewigkeit.

I loved thee yesterday; I love thee still today;
and I shall love thee throughout eternity. [Applause.]

There are many who may say of Uncle Joe, "I loved him when he could dispense committee assignments." There are some of you who can say, "I would love him yet if he were Speaker." But I undertake to say, "I loved him yesterday, I love him today, and I shall love him throughout all time." [Applause.]

What is it that ties one man's soul to another? It is hard to answer. I do not know. Is it politics? Why, I am a Bourbon Democrat. Uncle Joe is a standpatter of the nineteenth century [laughter], and we are about beginning the second decade of the twentieth century, so that that can not account for it. Is it similarity of religion? Why Uncle Joe is a recalcitrant Quaker, and I am a High Church Episcopalian—so high that you can not reach me with a persimmon pole except upon a fast day. [Laughter.] Is it metaphysics? Is it a similarity of belief there? I believe in innate ideas. I believe that a man is born with a moral sense as much as with two arms and two legs, and that he can not get over it. I believe that a man's heredity controls it.

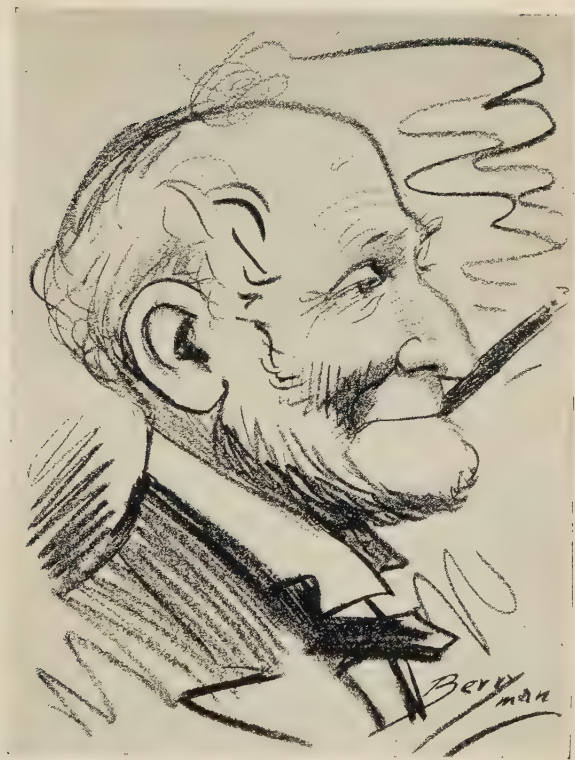
Uncle Joe seems to believe that every child is born with a mind like a tablet of wax, upon which he can write everything, and provided he has the same mother and the same training, regardless of the race of his father, he will come out with equal achievement to that of another at the end; in all of which I do not believe. Is it an identity of geography? I imagine not. I come from where the Confederate jessamine grows, and Uncle Joe comes from where no flower attains to full fruition except corn tassles; so that that can not have much to do with it. [Laughter.]

I do not know what it is, unless it be that one honest man, maybe not over serious, finds in another man an honest and sincere and brave purpose. In fact, I do not know that there is any other enduring basis of friendship than that. It leads to mutual trust, to mutual confidence, and at the base of all mutual affection must be mutual trust and confidence. If that be not the real explanation it would be hard for me to tell what it is.

My patron saint, old Thomas Jefferson, said that men were responsible for the righteousness and not for the rightfulness of their opinions. In other words, a man is responsible for advocating that which he believes to be right and for opposing that which he believes to be wrong. He is not responsible for error of opinion, thank God,

because if he were we would be responsible for very much more than we could stand sponsors for. And so it happens that men who meet with one another and recognize this common trait of righteousness of conviction, standing by their conviction with courage, advocating nothing which in their opinion is wrong because it is popular and opposing nothing which in their opinion is right because it is unpopular, will love one another. And that possibly may be the answer to the question which my Mississippi Democratic friend asked me and which I did not choose to answer at that particular time. [Prolonged applause.]





"UNCLE JOE"

Featured in Cartoon and Song

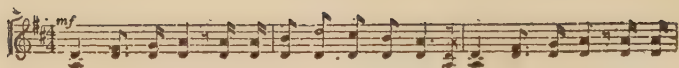


THE TOASTMASTER. Even while we are eating, gentlemen, we shall continue. Go on and enjoy yourselves. Meanwhile that famous cartoonist of the New York World, Mr. McCauley, and the equally famous Berryman, our popular cartoonist of Washington [applause], will undertake to keep your minds busy. They will give pictorial impressions of Mr. Cannon from either end of the hall.

[After Messrs. Berryman and McCauley had amused the audience with their rapidly drawn cartoons the toastmaster continued:]

We have shown you that even in the Senate and House of Representatives, unofficially met, there may be two rings to a circus, and that both ends may be entertained at the same time. We now propose, through Mr. John Corwin, of The Gridiron Club, to present a real circus. While Mr. Corwin is preparing to present his "circus," I will introduce our old friend, the former chairman of the Appropriations Committee, Hon. James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, for a song:

Mr. Tawney led in singing "Dear Old Uncle Joe," an improvisation of "It Was My Last Cigar."



Uncle Joe

AIR: "Old Black Joe."

Gone are the days when my gavel
used to fall;
Gone most the boys who rallied
to my call;
Gone, nearly all, but I'm still
with the show,
I hear their stand pat voices calling
Un-cle Joe.

CHORUS:

Not coming, still humming,
For me they are too slow,
But still I love to hear them call me,
Un-cle Joe.

Gone are the days when we used
to fight like hell,
Gone most the Reps and Dems
who used to tell
What each one thought of the
other—let that go,
For now to both I love to think
I'm Un-cle Joe.

CHORUS:

Still praying, I'm staying
In life's jack-pot, there's my dough,
And no four-flush can win that stake from
Un-cle Joe.

Near is the time when to the
House I'll say:
Good bye old Pals, I sure
have had my day;
May you all duck the guy
who hands out woe,
And live and stay there just as long as
Un-cle Joe.

CHORUS:

God bless you, God bless you,
as through life's work you go,
And in the end may all join Him
With Un-cle Joe.



HON. HILLARY A. HERBERT

Gen. Hillary A. Herbert

Toastmaster Moore. Two gentlemen who are not upon the program ought to be heard even though the hour is late; one of them is that distinguished man who honored his country as Secretary of the Navy under Grover Cleveland, Gen. Hillary A. Herbert. Listen to him. [Applause.]



R. HERBERT. Mr. Chairman, Mr. Toastmaster, and gentlemen, when I first knew the honored guest of this evening I was in the Forty-fifth Congress, over a third of a century ago. At that time, to use a phrase which we are told this evening is to go sounding down the ages, "In the last analysis," Joe Cannon was just the same as he is today. [Applause.]

We served together for eight Congresses, and during all that time each Congress was very much of the same opinion as that which I suppose the present Congress entertains about itself. We were optimistic about the future of our country, as Senator Root has been this evening; we were in, the country was safe, the people were showing their capacity for self-government by the wisdom with which they had chosen their

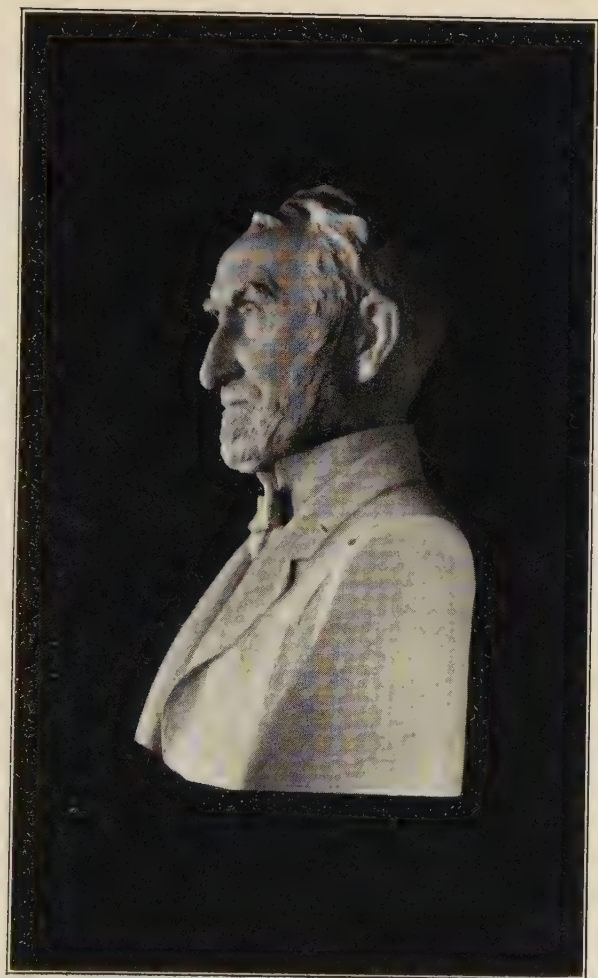
Representatives. But it is late and I will not detain you.

When I left Congress 20 years ago this month Joe Cannon was still there, and still the same as he is today, except in one respect: He was not my "Uncle." I was older than he was. But tonight he is the Uncle of all of us. Five hundred of his nephews have come here this evening to do him honor [applause], and I understand that 3,000 more tried to get in, but found there was not room.

Uncle Joe Cannon, in my opinion, in his politics was always dead wrong, but in the tenacity with which he held his views, the views that he entertained, and the courage with which he fought for them, he was always dead right. [Applause.] He always fought fair; he never hit below the belt; and that is the reason why he has won out. In addition to all that, he is the prince of good fellows, and as such we have come here tonight to bid him God speed in the future. [Applause.]

Calls for "Cannon! Cannon!" and "Uncle Joe!"





Presentation of a Marble Bust

Toastmaster Moore. The enthusiasm of youth, the toastmaster understands is breaking out toward the heel of the evening; but the toastmaster is still in control, and will close the exercises promptly at 12 o'clock, as indicated.

And now, while we forego the pleasure of listening to such distinguished speakers as the eloquent former Senator from Texas, Mr. Bailey, who is here, and Gen. Grosvenor, who has come all the way from Ohio [cries of "Bailey! Bailey!"], Sereno E. Payne, John Dalzell, Bourke Cockran and many other distinguished men, who, by reason of your impetuosity and petulance [laughter] at this hour [cries of "Bailey! Bailey!"] we may not call upon—it is your fault and not that of the toastmaster—we shall present for a special touch to the speeches of this historic evening, Dr. Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri.



R. BARTHOLDT. Mr. Chairman, Mr. Toastmaster, and gentlemen, I am charged with the performance of a duty most pleasant, as well as most difficult; pleasant because the task of giving always touches the tender chords in the hearts of both

the donor and the recipient, and difficult because language is so poor to express adequately the intensity of feeling which inspires this task.

In his maiden speech in the House of Representatives on the 18th of February, 1872, the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, then a young man of 36 years, spoke these memorable words:

No man is a proper person to represent the people unless he has the honesty and the backbone to stand and do the best he can, and do what is right and what is for the interests of his people, without reference to what anybody may say of him or what the action of the press may be in the premises.

Uncle Joe—if we loved him less we would be less familiar—has made a thousand speeches since that time. By his distinguished services he has made the whole country his debtor, and he has erected monuments in the hearts of his countrymen. Coming here 40 years ago, with oats in his pocket, as was said in that debate, he now is about to return home, with a rich harvest of honorable achievements, to his constituents, who have honored him for 40 years. But no nobler sentiment, no greater truth has ever been uttered by man than were these simple words which flowed like pure gold from a pure soul. And what is more, he has lived up to them himself, and those of us who know him best know



HON. RICHARD BARTHOLDT

that the beautiful lesson contained in those words has characterized his own great congressional career from beginning to end.

For the guidance of the Representatives of the people that epigram should be chiseled in stone above the portals of the House of Representatives. But as that can not be done, we have devised another plan in order to be daily reminded of it. One hundred friends of the great commoner, Members of the House and Senate, have banded together to dedicate to him, as a token of their esteem and love, a bust—a bust of himself. He wishes in turn to donate the bust to the House of Representatives. I ask you, could there be a more appropriate place to put that bust than in the House Office Building, which in itself is a monument to the former Speaker, because he conceived the idea of that great building and carried out the plans as the chairman of the commission appointed for that purpose. If this distinguished audience will say “Aye” to this proposition it will be done, because, although I can not count now a la Tom Reed, because of the darkness, I think a quorum is present. [Cries of “Aye! Aye!”]

Mr. Toastmaster and Mr. Cannon, I beg one more minute for the purpose of presenting to you the creator of this masterpiece of art, the man whom St. Gaudens selected as the author of the Von Steuben monument, and who has, after

fierce competition, just carried off the prize for the great Germantown monument—Mr. Albert Jaegers. I will ask him to rise.

Mr. Jaegers was greeted with great applause.



Speech of Mr. Cannon

Toastmaster Moore. Friends of Uncle Joe, we have reached the climax. Will you take your handkerchiefs or your napkins and salute the honored guest of the evening? Mr. Cannon will now say a few words. [Cheers and waving of napkins.]



R. CANNON. Mr. Chairman, Mr. Toastmaster, and gentlemen, at this late hour of the night I can only say to you in concluding, as I apprehend, the exercises of the evening, that from my heart I thank you. I would be less than human if I failed to appreciate to the utmost extent the generous compliment you pay me by gathering here tonight. The words of confidence and good will which have fallen from the lips of the distinguished gentlemen who have spoken, beginning with the honored President of the United States and joined in by my colleagues of the House and Senate, have quite overcome me and almost bereft me of the power of speech. Service in the Congress of the United States demands labor and toil; sometimes it involves misrepresentation and

abuse; now and then it brings, mayhap, a heart-ache or the suggestion of pain; but if all these were multiplied a thousandfold there would still be balm for every injury and consolation for every regret in the friendships which are formed between virile men, and so long as I live, no matter what may come to pass, whether fortune smiles or frowns, nothing can rob me of the priceless memory of the friends I have met and known and loved during a service of almost 40 years in the House of Representatives.

It was a saying of Cicero that it is impossible for men in public life to be friends, because of their jealousies and contentions. However true that may have been in the days when Rome was mistress of the world and Cicero was her greatest orator, it is not true in the United States of America today. In our day and age there need be no further refutation of the saying attributed to Cicero than the magnificent assemblage here tonight.

We divide into party organizations having different economic policies, striving from time to time for popular approval; but, thank God, the men who wage the great political battles of our country and seek the verdict of the majority have but one hope, one aspiration, one desire, and that is to serve the great Republic. [Applause.] As I look into the eyes of my honored friend and political opponent, Senator Williams, of Missis-

sippi, and as he looks into my eyes, we acknowledge that from the attrition of virile minds, each upholding what he believes to be right, according as it is given him to see the light, and from the clash of contending forces, the best results for all the people are obtained. [Applause.] One or the other of us is mistaken as to economic policies, but we are a unit in loyalty to the flag and in seeking the greatest good for the greatest number. When the majority record their judgment we bow to their will, whether they be Republican or Democratic, and leave the fleeting years to demonstrate the wisdom or unwisdom of the policies written on the statute books, the minority criticizing, the majority upholding. If, perchance, mistakes are made, as the pendulum swings back and forth and as men come and go, we may safely count, in spite of the play of the demagogue masquerading in the robes of the plain people, upon the sound judgment, the patriotic impulses, and the wisdom of American manhood to correct the errors and right the wrongs of government. We may strut and fret as real or imaginary leaders of public opinion, but, after all, the silent ballot is the guiding, directing force.

I am not here to make a partisan speech. I am a partisan, as you, Senator Williams, are a partisan.

Senator Williams. Not tonight.

Mr. Cannon. Oh, no; not tonight; but we have contested in the presence of a hundred million people, you believing honestly that the policies advocated by you were for the best interests of all the people, and I believing that the policies advocated by me were for their best interests, and we have been generous contestants. [Applause.]

Looking in your faces, my friends, and Members of the House and Senate, I accord to you who do not agree with me politically the same loyalty to the great Republic that I claim for myself. As manly men we make our contests as God gives us to see the right, and we are indorsed or fail of indorsement from time to time, as the case may be. The new generation comes, and if they do not learn through the brain they will learn through the stomach, or through both brain and stomach, and all things will end well. Thank God, I have been an optimist all my life, and I shall remain an optimist to the end. [Applause.]

My friend and colleague of many years, Dr. Bartholdt, has called your attention to a bust which, without my knowledge, was ordered from the hands of an eminent artist, the one who executed the statue of Von Steuben, his design being chosen above all others. I do not know, further than Dr. Bartholdt has intimated, who procured the bust; nor do I know as to its merits,

for I have not heretofore seen it as a finished work, but I do know that the sculptor has received in the world of art many indorsements.

The gentleman from Missouri, my friend and your friend, has suggested that perchance it ought to rest in the House Office Building. I do not know what may be the will of the House touching the suggestion. I know, however, that some years ago, in the performance of my duty as a Member of the House of Representatives, being in charge of the sundry civil appropriation bill, I asked, for reasons assigned—which probably embraced no more than two or three short sentences—that the construction of the building be authorized. The House and the Senate agreed. The House Office Building was begun, followed shortly by the Senate Office Building. I leave the matter in your hands.

My friends, I am an old man. [Cries of “No, no!”] Measured by years I am old. I am about to retire from public life. [Cries of “No, no!”] I will soon be 77 years old. My face is turned toward the setting sun. But when the sun disappears below the western horizon I shall go secure in the feeling that, whatever party may from time to time be chargeable with the responsibilities of government, if mistakes are made an enlightened public sentiment will correct them. Again I thank you, one and all. [Prolonged applause.]

“Speed the Parting Guest”



OASTMASTER MOORE. Gentlemen, in concluding the festivities of the evening, let us wish our honored guest Godspeed and perennial youth. In whatever direction his future path may lie—whether to return, as we doubt not he will, in response to popular summons, to his invaluable service for the Nation, or of his own choice to round out his great career in the repose of private life—let our hearts go with him. Let us wish him in the years to come a continued possession of all he now has of—

That which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.

Lastly, gentlemen, as we began, so let us close—in friendship and fraternity. Let us have in the grand finale some thoughts of home. Mr. Herndon Morsell will pronounce an informal benediction in that beautiful lyric, “The Song That Reached My Heart.”



The Song That Reached My Heart

I sat midst a mighty throng
Within a palace grand,
In a city far beyond the sea,
In a distant foreign land.
I listened to the grandest strain
My ear had ever heard,
Enraptured, charmed, amazed I was,
My inmost soul was stirred.
I looked on the singer fair,
My heart was at her feet;
She sang of love, the old, old theme,
In accents low and sweet.
And then she sang a song, that made the tear-drops start;
She sang a song, a song of home,
A song that reached my heart.

That night I shall never forget,
That night with its pleasure and pain,
I think of the singer, I think of the song,
And wish I could live it again;
In fancy again I recall
The scene with its splendor bright;
The mighty throng, the palace grand,
Oh, the mem'ry of that night,
My fancy it may have been,
But never had I heard
A song that thrilled me o'er like this,
Like this so strangely stirred.
The mem'ries of that night of bliss will never from me part,
She sang a song, of "Home, sweet home,"
The song that reached my heart.

Home, Home, Sweet, sweet home.
She sang the song of "Home, sweet home,"
The song that reached my heart.

PARTICIPANTS



This valiant host, in battles fought
Did give and take as true men ought,
But now, to serve more worthy ends,
Do greet the guest and eat as friends.



Felix Agnus.
Theron Akin.
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Alfred G. Allen.
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COMMENTS OF THE PRESS

WASHINGTON POST, FEB. 16, 1913

 "UNCLE JOE" CANNON, veteran of the Republican party, and hero of a hundred fights, whose influence on the legislation of his country has been felt for upward of 40 years of public life, was the guest of honor last night at the most remarkable banquet ever given in the National Capital. There were present Republicans, Democrats, Progressives, Mugwumps, and Socialists. Every man of them sang the praises of this old-time leader, who, on March 4 next, will retire to his home in Danville, Ill., leaving behind a public record that few, if any, have equaled, and that has been surpassed by none in the legislative halls of Congress.

The President of the United States, the Chief Justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court, members of the cabinet, senators, and representatives, distinguished citizens of Washington, and many of the correspondents who do their work in the big building on the hill made

up the hosts of this honored guest. There sat down at the table 560 hosts, and for five hours the fame of "Uncle Joe" was spoken and sung.

The keynote of almost every speech made was that Joseph G. Cannon was merely entering upon a vacation; that he was "coming back" and that as a man and a statesman he must be reckoned with in the future.

President Taft characterized him as a great American who, by many decades of disinterested patriotic service, had earned the verdict of "well done" from his countrymen. Senator Root eulogized Uncle Joe as the man who was so full of the courage of his convictions that he dared defy powerful influences because he believed the cause unjust, and thereby made the Presidency impossible for him.

The tribute of last night, joined in so heartily by men of all political creeds, the New York senator said, showed that this country could not be Mexicanized, because beneath the stress and storm of politics there existed, and always would exist, the American spirit of brotherhood toward all Americans. The speech of Senator Root dealt with the life of Mr. Cannon more in the abstract than any other made, and drew lessons that should be observed by all young men.

WASHINGTON STAR

IT WAS "Dear Old Uncle Joe" last night when more than half a thousand of the friends of Representative Joseph Gurney Cannon paid him the testimonial of their presence at a farewell dinner given in the Raleigh Hotel. It was given to mark Uncle Joe's retirement from public life, after having been in the forefront of national affairs for forty years, thirty-eight of which he has been a member of the House of Representatives.

It was "Dear Old Uncle Joe" with every man present, and when it is said that Republicans and Democrats and Progressives and stand-patters and all the other brands mingled one with another and cheered till they were hoarse when Uncle Joe was toasted, some idea of the sentiment at the dinner can be gleaned. The politics of the nation lay down and laughed until its side ached at the way the biggest politicians in the land poked fun at one another and the leaders of national life leaned toward the speakers with attentive ears when Uncle Joe was being lauded and praised by those who have known him so long.

It was "Dear Old Uncle Joe" with the President of the United States, by members of his cabinet, by Chief Justice White and associate justices of the Supreme Court, by senators and

representatives in Congress, by men in private life and by men whose names have previously been emblazoned upon the scrolls of national fame. They all vied with one another in doing honor to Mr. Cannon, and a remarkable instance was the fact that Progressives who entered Congress upon the issue of opposition to "Cannonism," were there in full force and cheered as loudly as the pattest standpatter when it came turn to give vocal demonstrations in honor of the former Speaker. The occasion was devoid of partisanship. It was a man's night.

There wasn't any of the sob element in the farewell, either. It may be there was some of it in the hearts of the close friends of Uncle Joe, but the program for the entertainment of the evening had been arranged so as to studiously avoid anything of the sort. There were speeches, of course, grave and gay, and a hand organ, pressed into service by a jovial newspaper man in charge of one of the "skits" of the dinner, and half a dozen correspondents from the Capitol press gallery, contributed a fifteen-minute "sketch," showing the inside talk that goes on in the press gallery while Congress is in session.

Representative Benjamin G. Humphreys, of Mississippi, a Democrat, was chairman of the Congressional Committee in charge of arrangements. He presided, with Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, acting as

toastmaster. Thus Republican and southern Democrat steered the dinner through the evening. "Hampy" Moore gave notice that the five-minute rule would prevail, and this was enforced as vigorously as it ever was while Mr. Cannon was in the Speaker's chair.

President Taft arrived late, out of deference to Mr. Cannon, etiquette requiring that when he is present he shall occupy the seat of honor. But once in the hall, the President entered into the spirit of the occasion and vied with those assembled to impress upon Mr. Cannon the love in which he is held.



WASHINGTON HERALD



HEY buried Uncle Joe Cannon last night under an avalanche of praise, congratulations, and farewell blessings.

The dinner in his honor at the Raleigh Hotel was the greatest political function of the winter season. From far and near men who had served under Uncle Joe, who had fought with him and for him, and around him, and against him, came to the National Capital to do honor to the man who has been the legislative storm center of the Republican party through all of one and through part of two generations.

The President of the United States voiced the sentiment of congratulation, good will and god-speed.

The Chief Justice of the United States broke an age-old precedent and spoke at a political function.

Members of the Senate, of the Cabinet, of the Diplomatic Corps, and of the army and the navy were numbered among the 550 diners who filled every seat in the vast dining hall, and who later gathered closer and closer around the wiry form of the picturesque statesman.

Partisan lines were obliterated. The presiding officer was a Democrat, Representative Benjamin G. Humphreys, of Mississippi. The toastmaster was Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, a Republican and a member of the old guard.

The dinner began at 7.30 o'clock, and lasted till the witching time surrounding midnight. For a farewell dinner it was without the first note of sadness, and the gayest man in all the hall was Joseph Gurney Cannon, of Danville, Ill., soon to be a private citizen for at least two years.

One of Uncle Joe's favorite habits, the application of the five-minute rule on oratory, was the rule of the night. It was as rigidly enforced as ever Mr. Cannon in the heyday of his power had ever enforced it.

Bust of Hon. Joseph G. Cannon

From the Congressional Record

Friday, Feb. 28, 1913



DR. MANN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Whereas friends both in and out of Congress have presented to the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon a marble bust of himself, with the expressed hope that it be placed in the House Office Building; and

Whereas Mr. Cannon has offered to present such bust to the House of Representatives; and

Whereas Mr. Cannon has been for many years an honored Member of the House of Representatives and was for eight years the Speaker and originated the proposition for the House Office Building: Now therefore be it

Resolved by the House of Representatives, That the House Office Building Commission is hereby authorized to accept on behalf of the House of Representatives the marble bust of Hon. Joseph G. Cannon and place the same in a proper position in the House Office Building,

and that the thanks of the House of Representatives be, and the same are hereby, tendered to Mr. Cannon for the gift of the said bust.

The Speaker. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolution?

There was no objection.

The Speaker. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.



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The Perfume man

W. W. L.

New Orleans.

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